

STORY BY JOHNY

OSGAR

n. y., oct. 18.—alas, the sad things that hapens in this grate city

the manidger at a big holesale store was busy with his manidging the uther morning when a weeping lady come up to him

o sir, she said
and then she weeped so she couldent say nuthing

what is it, my good woman, says the manidger kindly

please take my husbend back and give him anuther chanst, she says

then the manidger knew who she was. he had fired her old man for coming to work with a hang-over

maddam, he says to the dame, i cannot do it, but he is a good workman and he can easy get anuther job

so please beat it. if you want to play niagerry falls, go outside and play it

she went, but the next day she come back leading a small soiled child by the mitt

please, sir, says the child, speaking very sad, wont you give my papa anuther chanst

alas no, little one, the manidger replies, with damp eyes. i cannot do it, so you and your ma better run along home

they run along, and the next day they was back, and the lady was carrying a baby in her arms

wont you please take my husbend back and give him anuther chanst, she begs the manidger

woman, this is terrible, he says. you got to quit coming here and

ADOLF, I HAF A NOTION TO MAKE A LIDDLE BET MIT YOU. HOW IEE YOUR SPORTING BLOOD TODAY?



making me feel bad

then he dug down in his pocket and fished up a 10 doller bill

here, take this, he says. maby it will help some, till your husbend gits anuther job

oh, no, thank you, says the dame, we aint so awful poor. only i wisht you would take him back here

he has got the promise of an-uther job, but its in brooklin, and if he takes it we got to live in flat-bush
johny

Sympathetic (to friend)—The blind have a very sensitive touch.
"How so?"

"I heard one say he felt blue yesterday."